

To be Dominated

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Summary: Lex Luthor has officially gone cray-cray in prison. However, he does have a special visitor. Lots and lots of smut. Top/Bruce Bottom/Let

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I am very ashamed that I wrote this. I do not own any of the DC characters, and this was written purely for entertainment purposes of my own sick mind. Enjoy lovelies! If you are reading this, then you must be at least yaoi curious or a fanatic just like me. Soâ€¦in yo face :p I'm trash, you're trash, we're all trash. Yay.

It had been days since Lex had been left alone in his cell, cold and lost. Other prisoners were afraid of him, fearful when he would mumble on and on about 'Batman coming to visit him again'. He would even speak with a psychiatrist once a week, who had also put him on medication to control his hallucinations. He was being shaved again today, as he was supposed to remain permanently shaved throughout the rest of his sentence â€" however long that may be. The guards would laugh at him. "So, how's your little friend, Batman?" The one would snicker. Lex would simply nod his head. "Batman? Yeah, goodâ€¦good." He would reply.

When he finished shaving the poor boy, he threw a towel over his head. "Get yourself cleaned up. You're going back to your cell." He finished wiping the shaving cream off his head. The prison guards did this to him simply for mental torture. They threw him inside and left him there on the floor, the two discussed plans for lunch as their voices began to fade. He pulled his knees against his chest and passed out from exhaustion. He woke up groggy a few hours later. He clearly missed dinner but the more interesting part was his favorite masked stranger staring down at his pathetic form.

"You know the drill. Put your head against the wall." Lex knew that there was something different about this visit. His friend Bruce

seemed more agitated, as though he were dealing with an arrogant child. In this case, a grown man child. Lex awkwardly grabbed his arm and shuffled his feet. Bruce sighed. "You can put your head against the wall or I'll fuck you in front of your cell mates." The two of them were currently alone, as everyone else was off doing evening activities before the nightly lock up. Lex missed that chance tonight, not that he ever socialized with anyone.

"We have two choices here, Luthor," Bruce began. "I could either fuck you privately or publically when the rest of your little cell mates return. I'm sure they would love to jerk off to pretty boy making lovely, drawn out sounds." This is when Luthor smirked. "This is where you are mistaken, 'Batty'." He mocked. "I fuck. I don't get fucked." The tall man chuckled darkly. "I'm afraid in this situation, you do. Now, are you going to be a good boy and put your head against the wall?"

Surprisingly, Lex complied. He seemed uncharacteristically terrified. "How do I know you're real?" He asked with genuine concern. Mr. Wayne sighed. "Trust me. You will know in the morning. Pants down." Alexander nervously gripped to hem of his pants and gulped. His partner apparently thought he was taking too long, and impatiently tugged them down for him. The smaller boy gulped. "I lied." Lex confessed. The stranger laughed. "About what? Everything?" The other shook his head. "I-never fucked anyone. I'm a virgin." Bruce grabbed him by the waist with both hands and lifted him. "It doesn't change things. For your lies, am going to have to punish you."

Bruce sat on a dusty looking stool he found in the corner. "Come here." He ordered Lex. The boy's eyes were no longer smug, they looked very fearful. The man in black wondered for a moment if he should show some sympathy for the kid, but at the end of the day he was the ultimate reason why his friend had been murdered. "Now!" He barked. One thing Alexander wasn't certain about was exactly how Batman managed to get into his cell, but it was probably useless to question his abilities. He probably knew how to break in and escape all along.

Lex stood right in front of Bruce now, his pants down with his cock threatening to spring forward. The man smirked and shook his head at him. "Excited, Luthor?" He blushed furiously. "No! It's cold in here and you fucking tore my pants off." Bruce rolled his eyes. "I pulled them down, drama queen. Now, let's get this over with. Lay down on my lap, this instant. We could either do this the easy way or the hard way." Lex was trapped. He awkwardly positioned himself on Bruce, falling over here and there. While Bruce thought it was cute, he would never admit that to him.

Alexander felt a hard, stinging slap against his behind. He bit his lip to prevent himself from crying out. Bruce knew what the kid was doing, and he wasn't having that. Lex was going to scream, he was going to cry, and he was going to beg for mercy and his forgiveness. The swats continued, and Lex's lip was covered in blood, his mouth beginning to taste of copper. Although, there was no denying that wet tear sliding down his cheeks.

Blow after blow continued. Bruce wasn't sure if Lex was aware of it, but a slight whimper escaped his lips. A few more later, and the boy finally surrendered. His face flooded with tears now, his eyes puffy and red, his nose runny from crying and his bottom lip a bloody mess.

Bruce smiled down at him as Luthor looked him in the eyes and pleased. "Please s-stop. I'm sorry and I won't lie to you anymore. Please stop, please." He repeated. Lex could feel a gentle hand running down his back and the other man sighing heavily. "It's done. Now, get up, strip completely of your shirt and other undergarments, and lay your body against the wall."

Bruce removed his pants and lifted his cock, about to position it right in the middle of Alexander's hole but thought against it. He could still hear the poor thing sob and whimper. Even though Lex killed Bruce's friend, he could not get the courage to fuck Lex Luthor dry. "On second thought, turn around and get on your knees. Do not make me regret this. Do you understand me?" Lex nodded and turned slowly. He lowered himself to his knees and faced the other's long, thick length. "Take it in your mouth." Bruce ordered, slapping Lex's face.

The tears came again, but Lex submissively took the other's length in his mouth. Bruce closed his eyes as Lex moaned. It surely wasn't from pleasure, not yet, but the vibrations against his cock was the best sensation in the world right now. He ran his hand across Alexander's bald head. HE wished he had hair right now to tug, to let the other know he belonged to him, but a shaved head was close enough. Something that the billionaire once took great pride in was gone, and he was forced to live with his new appearance and his new position.

Lex could feel the member force its way down his throat and his shocked expression was priceless. Bruce rolled his eyes. "You really have never sucked cock before, have you?" Lex shook his head, his mouth still wrapped around Bruce and groaned "No." The dominant man couldn't help but chuckle at how amusing Luthor was. Perhaps there were other uses for him. "Okay. I am going to come in your mouth now and you are going to swallow everything that I give you, do you understand?" Lex nodded, sadly but obeyed nonetheless.

Lex appeared shocked again, but calmed down once Bruce finished. He figured he might as well swallow as quickly as he can, and get the slimy sensation over with as soon as possible. His stomach felt upset the moment the liquid slid down his throat, but he got over it quickly. He couldn't deny that he was attracted to the situation. "Back against the wall." Bruce demanded, with a slap against Lex's ass. He gripped the wall in preparation. The boy against the wall breathed in and out several times to prepare himself, he knew what was going to happen next.

Bruce wanted Lex's back against the wall so he could see the look on his face when he inserts his cock into his hole. The billionaire below him should be pretty fucking grateful for the lube that he generously allowed him to have. He wasn't sure why, but he was dead set on screwing Lex dry in the first place. He wanted to hear him scream, watch his ass bleed and tear but yet â€" he felt a pang of sympathy for him in his stomach, and this made him awfully sick.

Bruce closed his eyes and gently inserted his cock into Lex. The younger man whimpered at first, but the whines soon turned to moans. "No one is allowed to have you in here, do you understand me?" Bruce asked. Lex nodded, his face as red as a tomato. "If they do take you, I will kill them, and I will punish you for letting them." "H-how do

I know you're real? That I'm not making you up in my mind?" Lex croaked. Bruce smirked now. "Because, I will leave these all over your body." He began to bite his neck, and trailed down towards his lower body.

Lex must have passed out, but woke up about an hour later lying on the floor to the sound of his cell door opening. At least he was clothed now. His cell mate laughed at him. "Damn, Luthor. What the fuck happened to you? Did you get beat up or something?" "What do you mean?" He replied. "Those hickies all over your neck. You might want to cover them up with something, you look hilarious." Lex rushed to look in the mirror, usually used when the other prisoners shaved. He touched them, and smiled to himself. "I know what you mean. Except next time, I'll be the one with the advantage."

End
file.